

## Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.  
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

(Entered July 1, 1911, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.)

VOLUME XXXVII.....No. 110

Official State Paper.  
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.  
By mail, one year.....\$1.50  
By mail, six months......85  
By mail, three months......45  
By mail, one month......15

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### FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

MEMBER:  
Associated Press.  
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American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

A woman mayor and trouble, those boon companions, generally speaking, are dividing the honors just now at Warren, Ill.

With nearly a million men under arms, the military expenses of Italy must be almost as large these days as though she actually were engaged in the war.

Pay your money and take your choice. Russia is as emphatic with denials of a rout of her forces in Galicia as Germany is in her insistence that one has been brought about.

Credit where credit is due. The Kaw is behaving wonderfully well these days, but he would be an exceedingly foolish prophet who might attempt a forecast of what it will do.

Sunday is the seventh recurrence of the day that has been especially set apart as Mother's Day. But every day should be a Mother's Day. The mothers are entitled to the best of it all the time.

Bulgaria and Rumania have formed an alliance all their own for the purposes of the European war. They have decided to stand or fall together. And they'll probably be landing on each other's jaws before the war has been ended very long.

If the German submarines are able to continue their slaughter of shipping, that part of Davy Jones's locker around the British Isles will soon be filled to overflowing. The sunken ships will be piled so deep that they'll be showing above the surface of the sea.

As has been the case almost since the first shots of the European conflict were fired, all sides to it claim in their official reports that the recent activities in each of the arenas of the war resulted favorably to them. In other words, the compilers of these reports have eliminated the word "reverses" from their vocabularies.

According to the city prosecutor of Oakland, Cal., the "doll" women are the ones who are usually given "the shake" by husbands. He adds that the wife with the punch and a reasonably good aim in throwing the flat-iron is more than likely to receive the attention and consideration from a husband that is her due. And there may be something to this theory, at that.

McPherson's children gathered no less than 11,765 pounds of dandelion plants in a contest where the first prize was only a five pound box of candy. Why doesn't Topeka stage some sort of a contest in an effort to rid the city lawns and parkings of this pest that will destroy them? There is plenty of evidence that the only certain way of destroying the dandelions is to eradicate them or eradicate them entirely.

France is to follow Russia on the water wagon with both feet. A well founded report has it that the French government proposes to enact a law prohibiting absolutely the manufacture, sale and transportation of all alcoholic drinks during the war. And perhaps the benefits to the people of France during the war period that will follow such drastic legislation will be so pronounced and patent that the government will continue such a prohibition policy after the war is over.

A CHANCE FOR BIG BUSINESS.  
There is hope for prosperity, writes Thomas F. Logan in Leslie's, and he continues: "Business is to have a chance to grow big in the United States so that it can spread all over the world. This is to be done by the new Wilson Commission which so many were apprehensive about. Cooperation between the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the Federal Trade Commission is already bearing results. It can be announced here for the first time that Chairman Davies, of the Federal Trade Commission, and all the other members of the commission, favor making a recommendation to Congress that the Sherman law be amended to permit pooling agreements among American manufacturers for the foreign trade exclusively. The President also is in favor of such an amendment

provided that the amending clause can be phrased in such a way that after the pooling agreements are formed, other manufacturers desiring to enter such an arrangement, cannot be excluded. It is now pretty certain that the members of the commission will work out a plan which should materially increase American foreign trade. Manufacturers who are now unable to finance individually an expensive foreign selling agency would then be able to pool their interests and divide the expense, obtaining an added advantage from being able to compete on a wholesale plan with their foreign rivals. This constructive result is in sight is due largely to the manner in which the business men of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States have become advisers of the government. That is the role they should play more often.

PARTIES AND PROHIBITION.  
Which of the major political parties will have the courage and the good sense to be the first to insert a prohibition plank in its national platform? Of course, the Progressive party in its present wobbly condition scarcely qualifies for a place in that category, but even William Allen White, a prohibition champion of the first water, who does considerable of the talking for this party, conceded that it would be a suicide for it to do so because of the support it would thereby be sure to lose in the eastern section of the country, where the sentiment in respect to prohibition is not what it should be.

When a prima donna of reputation goes into the movies, a question naturally comes up, suggests the Washington Star, as to whether Americans enjoy listening to music or looking at the performer.

SUNDAY PICTURE SHOWS.  
Why not a general enforcement throughout the state of the provisions of the state anti-Sunday labor laws which are construed as placing the ban on the operation of theaters on that day, including the "movies." Judge Dana of the local district court decides that even the "free" Sunday picture shows, or those where a "free-will offering" is accepted at the doors come within the purview of this statute. And without discussing the merits or demerits of the proposition of Sunday "movies," regardless of the "religious" character of the pictures shown or as to whether or not they are of a "free" variety, it would seem patent that what is sauce for the Topeka goose in this particular should also be sauce for all Kansas ganders. This doesn't happen to be the case. In some of the Kansas cities—Atchison and Leavenworth are two of the conspicuous examples—Sunday "movies" have been permitted to run unmolested all this long while. They're not of the "free" variety, either. Neither do they attempt the dodge of showing "religious" pictures. The regular week-day admission prices are charged and the usual run of pictures are shown. Furthermore, these Sunday shows are advertised regularly in the newspapers in these towns. In other words, "religious" character of the pictures shown is not meant to cloak their Sunday activities. And it would seem reasonable to urge that if local authority in any community fails to apply the state laws covering this matter, state authority should see that it is done and also impose penalties on all local officials commensurate with their laxity.

Some folks raise their eyes with astonishment over the fact that there are 110 golf courses in and around New York City. But there also happens to be six or seven millions of people in that territory. Topeka has worried along with one golf course for 50,000 people for some time. On that basis, New York City and its environs should have from 120 to 140 golf courses.

BUSINESS IS MORE STABLE.  
Readjustment of general business to a more stable basis is indicated by the diminishing number of commercial failures, each succeeding month disclosing progressive improvement in this respect. Thus, there were 2,063 insolvencies reported to R. G. Dun & Co. during April, as against 2,090 in March, 2,278 in February and 2,848 in January—the decrease in commercial failures with the opening month of the year being 27.5 per cent. The April record, however, shows an appreciable increase over the same period of 1914, when only 1,336 defaults occurred, while the aggregate liabilities, owing to a few suspensions of unusual size, were next to the largest of the current year and more than double those of April, 1914—\$43,517,870 comparing with \$20,549,144 at that time.

Mayor Mitchell of New York City is likely to become exceedingly unpopular with the politicians in his burg. He is demanding a rigid economy in the conduct of that city's affairs.

ALCOHOL AND AGRICULTURE.  
The importance that alcohol distilleries may assume in scientific agriculture is pointed out in a recent professional paper published by the United Department of Agriculture under the title of "Agricultural Alcohol: Studies of Its Manufacture in Germany." The results of the author's study indicate that the manufacture of alcohol for technical purposes, not for human consumption, is not regarded in itself as a profitable business but as a necessary factor in general farming. The distilleries provide a market for Germany's enormous potato crop, which in turn has made possible the profitable cultivation of large tracts of light sandy soil in the east. The spent mash again is returned to the farmers for use as cattle feed and used as feed for cattle which furnish manure for the enrichment of the soil. On account of the pressure of the population and the desire to cultivate as large an acreage as possible, German farmers have not been raising as much live stock as would be good agricultural practice,

and anything that tends to stimulate them in this direction is regarded as most desirable. Approximately 6,000 agricultural distilleries are now in operation in the German Empire. Many of these are co-operative distilleries in which it is interesting to note that the co-operators do not hold shares having a certain money value, but possess the privilege of calling daily for a certain quantity of spent mash. To the potato crop itself an eighth of the arable land in the German Empire is now devoted, and the production is enormous. In some instances crops of more than 535 bushels per acre have been harvested, while yields of 300 to 375 bushels are quite common. Although such yields are produced only under favorable circumstances, it seems obvious that the total yields can be very considerably increased if new uses for alcohol can be discovered to create the necessary demand. At the present time in the eastern provinces it is the price of spirits which regulates the price of potatoes.

## Journal Entries

Few folk are even half as wise as they think they are.

It's pretty difficult to convince the idler that time flies.

One man's mistakes are generally of advantage to another.

Women are keen for all kinds of new wrinkles except those which come on their faces.

Many cases of love at first sight do not end in matrimony because of a second and more careful scrutiny.

## Jayhawker Jots

Before noon, points out the Winfield Free Press, a man is always hopeful that he will accomplish something by night. At night he proceeds to sidetrack his hopes for use again tomorrow.

Homer Hoch, of the Marion Record, declares that the grand prize is waiting for the man who can discover a way to boot up a boy's surplus cash. Hoch says that if a boy can find he can get it thirty years or more later.

This observation in the Winfield Courier applies with equal force to almost every city of any size in Kansas and the entire country. Most people seem to think it mighty strange that the boys persist in playing ball in the back yard when they could have excellent grounds by walking out three miles and a half.

Related by the Troy Chief: A group of men stood around a Missourian who had been pulled out of the river after sinking three times. "Give him some whisky," said one. A murmur came from the near-drowned man. Someone put his ear down and listened. He said: "Roll me over first and get some of this water out of me. I want'er straight!"

Frederick Zerkow reports to the Great Bend Tribune a new use for dandelions. Mrs. Klepper, of Ellinwood, boiled a gallon of dandelions in a gallon of water and made some of the finest wine imaginable as a result. Now there will be a reason to get rid of the dandelions which has quite a little more to it than the old one. Cultivate them for spiritual purposes.

Mack Cretcher, for many years editor of the Sedgewick Post and Herald, has been permitted to run unmolested all this long while. They're not of the "free" variety, either. Neither do they attempt the dodge of showing "religious" pictures. The regular week-day admission prices are charged and the usual run of pictures are shown. Furthermore, these Sunday shows are advertised regularly in the newspapers in these towns. In other words, "religious" character of the pictures shown is not meant to cloak their Sunday activities. And it would seem reasonable to urge that if local authority in any community fails to apply the state laws covering this matter, state authority should see that it is done and also impose penalties on all local officials commensurate with their laxity.

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## On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Goin' Up.  
What chance has a man a chance to be a success? For that's enough! To make one weep! We dreamed when movies came to see the cowboys ride, and then a dime. Our vision wasn't right. We paid a nickel first. And then a dime. To see the cowboys ride, and then a dime. To see those vampire shows and dancers nifty. But lately from New York, Press agent hollers: Are promising us new things! At price, five dollars!

Uncle Abner.  
Miss Amy Stubbs, our village milliner, says she needs a husband very bad. Well, a great many of 'em are, but she's got to have one. Wine when it is red, but then there is always champagne and Rhine wine. A feller has to learn to eat the grub, and he has to learn to eat olives. A feller has got to have something beside a plug hat in order to get by these times.

Some of the poetry we read in the 15-cent magazines nowadays would make Shakespeare turn over in his grave. The poetry is so bad that it makes Shakespeare's grave, we don't wish. The jury is still out.

Birthday of an Editor's Wife.  
The wife of Editor Keister of the Pawnee News had a birthday anniversary last week. In commenting upon it the News says editorially: "Mrs. Keister celebrated her birthday Tuesday. We trust we are too much of a gentleman to state just what birthday it was that she was celebrating, but the bill for candles on the birthday cake was not small. In the morning she asked us if we were going to get her a present. We told her that we surely would. Added to the household equipment now is both washboard and wringer. Mrs. Keister's health and ambition continue good we see no reason why we can't take things mighty easy from now on."

Reads Like a Card of Thanks.  
A local representative of a life insurance company has received the following bona fide letter from a grateful widow who has just lost her husband: "Dear Sir: I take pleasure in inclosing certificate certifying the death of my husband and must the same will be satisfactory to you. Yours truly, MRS. J. H. BROWN."

Everybody Satisfied.  
Mr. Taft says he is satisfied to be a law professor. That seems to make it unanimous.

We've Tried It Both Ways.  
It is easier to live within an income than without it.

With Our Contrails.  
Reads the flowers that the April showers bring forth may mud. —Rojum.

Some Rural News.  
A stock buyer called at home near Pawnee to see some logs that were for sale. He inquired of the general housewife what she thought of the logs. "You will find him out in the box pen," replied the wife. "He is the one with the hat on."

## Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

"It is perfectly absurd for Mary not to jump at the chance," I heard a neighbor of mine saying the other day. "I asked what chance." "Why, Mary's mother wants to adopt Mary's youngest child. Mary is a washerwoman, you know. She is a widow with two children and the youngest is a little girl and Mrs. Martin has a house full of children and wants to adopt her, and would you believe it, Mary can't make up her mind to let her. And all Mary has is that little girl. I don't know what I can't understand it. I should think she would jump at the chance."

"Would you give up Louise?" "That's different," she answered sharply. "Different?" "I'm not a widow with only a few dollars a week to keep my family together."

"Do you think you would be willing to give up Louise if you were?" "I don't know," she said hesitatingly. "I should think you could see it." "I can see it, at least I can see what my neighbor means—that little Rose will have more comfort and a mother can give her more care than there will be more left for the other child. Even so, I'm not absolutely sure she would be doing the best thing for the child by letting her go. I'm not so omniscient as to know that."

But what I certainly cannot understand is the unfeeling attitude of my neighbor. Just because the woman is of another financial class than she and I have no patience with her superior. "That's different." "There are a great many people of the middle and upper class (I use the word in a financial sense), who think there is an actual difference between the people of the lower class and themselves. Such a woman doesn't expect these people to be actuated by the same feelings, the same loves and hates, the same desire for pleasure, the same resentment of monotony, the same physical weariness and mental unrests as she."

"I used to know an old grouchy who fussed with himself when no one else was around to quarrel with."—Rufe Hoskins.

The longest journey is that negotiated by the girl who has a voice, and starts out to prove it by placing it in grand opera.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.  
[From the Chicago News.]  
Spinsters dislike to talk of old times. Women are fond of gold, but not of gold silken ties. Many a family Bible is more ornamental than useful. It's easier to win a girl's hand than it is to eat her bread. If a girl marries well her friends will overlook her other faults. We all have money coming, but it seldom arrives according to schedule. Smile and the world smiles with you—if you'll settle with the bartender.

VICTORIA'S VANITY BOX.  
Wherever the lovely Victoria goes, she carries a vanity box. Which she opens invariably after a dance, and a broken husband, can I tell you. But stealing behind her, I ventured to peep. O'er her shoulder so pinkly fair, And saw in the scented receptacle all the secrets she guards with such care. A mirror, a vial of costly perfume, A pencil to darken her eyes, A very small silver-topped bottle of rouge, Quite frequently used, I surmised; A lipstick, a carmine, a hairpin or two, A powder puff, fluffy and soft, And a picture—and, O! I forgive her the rest. For the face in the picture was mine. —Minna Irving, in Judge

## The Evening Story

Heroes and Others.  
(By Clarissa Mackie.)

"A clod—a cumber of the earth!" Will Linscott stared grimly at his pale reflection in the hall mirror before he pulled on his cap and went limping painfully away from the house. Mrs. Frake, the housekeeper, who had known him from frail boyhood, looked from her window.

"Poor Mister Will!" she murmured. "What a pity, after all his years of suffering and all the operations, that he can't be cured. There's his Cousin Dan, a big, strong man, like an ox, and not nearly so much—why could he n't Master Will have had just a wee bit of that strength?"

Some one else was thinking that very same thing at the very moment when Will limped along the path that bordered the golf course and disappeared in the south meadow. Alice Long, waiting while Dan Linscott executed one of his brilliant strokes, drew a soft breath of pity as she saw the tall, gaunt figure disappear from view. Not once had he turned toward them, although he must have heard her cheery call—must have recognized the piercing whistle that Dan sent after him.

"He's all in this morning," said Dan, carelessly. "It's a deuced shame that Dr. Frake failed to help him. He's got it more of a blow to Will than we can imagine," said Alice quietly. "Fancy having all the money one wants and not able to buy everything save health."

"Health—and a woman's love," amended Dan, with a meaning glance at the fact of his own condition. "Money never bought the love of woman who was really worth while," remarked Alice, flushing under his sudden glance.

Dan Linscott had plenty of money of his own, so he felt no jealousy of Will's handsome, delicate, ready money. Dan was sure of himself of his good looks, his ability to please, his success at all athletic sports, his power to win any woman he wanted for his wife.

He was even sure of Alice Long, whose people were victims of genteel poverty, and whose mother, a widow, of her good sense in marrying such an embodiment of everything desirable as represented by Mr. Daniel Linscott.

So he was in no great haste to put the important question to the girl. His weekend visit at his cousin's house had been a success. He had had an opportunity to see her frequently, and he felt sure that she was only waiting for him to slip a ring on her finger. Such a ring it was that he had never had seen before—never dreamed of wearing!

Alice glanced at her watch and padded on her engagement ring. She declined Dan's offer to accompany her across the fields toward home. Nothing loth, he remained behind. He could walk home as he pleased, and he was as he was in perfect shape, thanks to Will's thoughtfulness, for of course, the poor man couldn't play a stroke himself.

At the piano or violin he was a wizard; but as for sports—one remembered he was an invalid and expected nothing of that sort. Alice struck into the path and followed it to the south meadow where Will had disappeared. She sat on the grass, and bending her hand above her tranquil blue eyes, she looked for some glimpse of his gray-clad form.

But he was nowhere visible. The meadow waved like the sea, knee-high with daisies and buttercups. Meandering among the flowers, a single narrow path. Trees were scattered here and there, and over in the northeast corner a little group of rustic cattle were grazing.

Alice crossed the stile and entered the narrow path. She was a strong, athletic young figure, clad in spotless white, with a red sweater and a brilliant splash of color on the landscape. A little song trembled on her lips as she went along, but all the while her blue eyes searched the field for Will Linscott.

She came upon him suddenly, lying prone in the grass, his face buried in his hands, the picture of despair. Alice dropped down beside him and put a hand on his dark hair. "Don't, Will!" she whispered.

A sudden surge into his cheeks and left them drawn and white. Even his lips paled and his eyes were depths of agony and shame. "Alice!" he cried, "Will, she soothed him softly. "Why, we've been playmates and friends for years and years! I'm—Will, I cried myself to sleep last night when I heard Dr. Harkness's decision."

"You're an angel, Alice," he muttered with downward eyes. Then he looked at her grim defiance. "I don't cry myself to sleep like a baby just because I couldn't have health. I'm so jealous of Dan and his strength and his good looks that I'm beastly, cross to him. I'm in the deuce of a temper, dear. There's only one thing I want in the world—it's the love of a certain woman and I don't dare ask her to marry a clod!" All the color went from Alice's face. It was true, then, what Dan had told her about Will's infatuation for Ruth Clarkson, the singer. Of course, such a music lover—such a musician as Will, would love another musician; it was only so.

for Dan to come and save you! There's no chance for me to be a hero!" Alice shook his shoulder impatiently. "Aren't you satisfied with being a mere hero—without even saving Dan his purely physical courage? Don't break down, Will, dear. Talk with me about it—and I'm sure I can think of some way to help you. How do you know that she—that Ruth—doesn't care for you?"

Will sat up and stared at her. "Ruth? You mean Ruth Clarkson?" he demanded. "You think I'm in love with her, Alice?" Under the steady glance of those thick-lashed gray eyes, her own fell until his face was hidden.

"Yes—I thought so," she hesitated, her heart writhed with sudden pain. "It's not Ruth Clarkson—it's some one I've loved since I was a little lame boy and she, a sturdy little angel, dragged me around on my sled—or pushed my wheel chair. Some one who has so grown into my life—that life is nothing without her. I've wanted her all my days—but I cannot offer her my love. I have no proof that she cares for me more than a pitying friend! With Dan for contrast—I'm a poor object for her to turn her head away from her. 'I wouldn't beg for her pity!'"

"That would be foolish, Will, when you have her love," whispered Alice, her eyes still hidden. "Her love—yours? Alice, darling—you can't make me believe it!" he cried, fiercely. "There's Dan—there's Dan! He's nothing to me," she sobbed. "As if anyone could look at Dan Linscott after knowing you!"

Then, he knew and believed, and took her in his long arms and pressed his thin cheeks to her round one. "Why, I'm the happiest man in the world in spite of everything!" he cried. "And you are something of a heroine yourself, to show off as a hero!"

"You poor, dear boy!" smiled Alice tenderly. "Don't you know you are a great hero in spite of your disability? You would have hidden your love from me to save me—if I had not rushed right in and made you say it!"

"And you are something of a heroine yourself," laughed Will happily, for now, with Alice, he felt that the whole world was his, and he would fight for her. "I've changed, Will, you man, not even Dan." (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]  
A stitch in time is worth two needles in a haystack.

Some people wear eyeglasses just for the looks of the thing, and do with the eyes. The man who feels the world owes him a living generally has to pay to collect it.

Some people don't believe in putting off till tomorrow the trouble they can make today. You never can tell. Contentment is sometimes merely the rust of being too lazy to kick.

It's a good plan to hear both sides, unless the thing you hear happens to be a bass drum. When the swindler is also a Jonah, it stands to reason that the men who do business with him are fools.

Beggars—What do you think the best business for a young man to be in? Beggars—"His own." The world is made up of comparisons. Most things seem tame to the first time one hears of them. The first time one hears of them, they are "Young Dasherway's" father is some high dignity of the church. A canon, I think. Slobbs—"I always did think young Dasherway was a son of a gun."

"I have proposed to one girl no less than a dozen times," said the cheerful Optimist. "Better let it go at that," said the pessimist. "Thirteen is an unlucky number, and the next time she might accept you."

"A summer there will put her in fine shape again," said Father, who said to the Optimist, "I'll tell you, Mr. Optimist, the place," added Mother, "we'll send her to visit my sister. There she can run and play to her heart's content and she will be well and happy in no time."

So letters were written, trunks and bags were packed and before Emma realized what was happening she was on the train going to the country. When she reached her Aunt Jennie's, she was too tired and sleepy to do anything but eat her good hot supper and go to bed. But in a fine sleep, she was up bright and early and was ready to see everything on the farm. "You just wait till you've had some breakfast, young lady," said her uncle, "then will be time enough to talk about going over the farm. You eat a lot and fill out your thin bones, and I will promise to show you all the sights!"

So Emma ate a good breakfast (which wasn't a hard thing to do, let me tell you) and then picked up her doll to go with her uncle. "Going to leave her here?" asked uncle with a twinkle in his kind eyes. No, indeed! exclaimed Emma, and she hugged the doll tightly to her. "Where I go my doll goes too!" So uncle, Emma and the doll started out to explore the farm.

Emma couldn't pretend to tell you all the fun they had! If you have ever been on a farm yourself, you know all about it. Well, Emma had never been on a farm before, so she was very interested in all the new things there are to do and to see! Emma saw the cows, the pigs, the chickens and the tiny yellow Chickadees. She smelled the blossoms in the orchard; she peeked round the hives where the bees were at work; she saw the ducks waddling off towards the brook and she pulled fresh lettuce in the coldframe.

But of everything on the farm, the little brand new bossy cow in the barn pleased her the most. "I'd just like to

## Kansas Comment

STINTING THE RAILROADS.

The gross earnings of the railroads fell off more than two hundred million dollars last year. The operating expenses were cut in an effort to offset the decrease in revenue and a decrease of over a hundred and thirty million dollars in expenses was effected. The net earnings, however, were five million dollars. Now if the railroads were forced to spend one hundred and thirty million dollars less on operating expenses last year, who was hurt? Has general prosperity been helped by saving the individual freight shippers a few cents on freight shipments and a few cents on the patronage of the men who used to get part of their living from what he paid the railroads. There is very little real economy in stinting the railroads. —Leavenworth Post.

## NO TIME FOR PEACE.

Someone has suggested to the allies that they have to do with the peace. But the allies say they are busy now and can't spare the time. "We have a million or more men to be killed or wounded before we see our way clear to listen to any such proposals," is the assertion. Germany was asked if this wasn't a good season for the year to make peace. The summer, and if peace wouldn't be a fine number for the program early in the year. "Not just now," says the Teuton. "We must wait until the year comes to the front, both in France and in Russia, and it would hardly be right to plan for peace until a million or so of these men are killed. We are not to be killed or maimed. We must beg a little more time." And so it goes. Peace will be talked by both sides one of these days. Sometime or later it must come. This is sure. When things are finally patched up between the warring nations there must be talk of peace and arrangements for peace. And the only excuse, as seen from this distance, now, is that both sides have many more men to be slaughtered before they are ready to have peace. —Hutchinson News.

## From Other Pens

OUR OWN AND OUR SOCIAL SINS.

"The less we have to do with our sins the better," said Emerson. That is a wonderfully true thought—not to let our sins or imperfections so weigh upon us that we are discouraged or bowed down by them. How different that meaning is, though, from a course of simply ignoring bad things and letting them exist in us, as it were, without being aware of them. There are a great many persons who will have nothing to do with social sins. They wish to "segregate vice"—so they will not be annoyed by it. They denounce as muckrakers all who would let a little sunshine in on unwelcome social conditions. They believe the "sheltered life"—for themselves; sheltered from knowledge of and contact with unhappiness and cruelty. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who is believed to be a philosopher, once said: "I would teach the very essence of cruelty—to be happy when others are unhappy whom you might deem happy. Do not let our sins of any sort dishearten us—true. But let us see to it, by first acknowledging the sins of every sort, that there be no sin which we do not dishearten others."—Kansas City Star.



QUEEN NELL'S NEW DOLL.

When spring came after Emma's long winter indoors with her hurt ankle, the poor little girl looked white and thin, so unlike the gay, jolly, plump little daughter who had delighted both father and mother. They decided to send her to the country.

"A summer there will put her in fine shape again," said Father, who said to the Optimist, "I'll tell you, Mr. Optimist, the place," added Mother, "we'll send her to visit my sister. There she can run and play to her heart's content and she will be well and happy in no time."

So letters were written, trunks and bags were packed and before Emma realized what was happening she was on the train going to the country. When she reached her Aunt Jennie's, she was too tired and sleepy to do anything but eat her good hot supper and go to bed. But in a fine sleep, she was up bright and early and was ready to see everything on the farm. "You just wait till you've had some breakfast, young lady," said her uncle, "then will be time enough to talk about going over the farm. You eat a lot and fill out your thin bones, and I will promise to show you all the sights!"

So Emma ate a good breakfast (which wasn't a hard thing to do, let me tell you) and then picked up her doll to go with her uncle. "Going to leave her here?" asked uncle with a twinkle in his kind eyes. No, indeed! exclaimed Emma, and she hugged the doll tightly to her. "Where I go my doll goes too!" So uncle, Emma and the doll started out to explore the farm.

Emma couldn't pretend to tell you all the fun they had! If you have ever been on a